

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



SHADY EGGS HAS A PRINCIPLE TO MAINTAIN.

## THE FORGED WILL.

### CHAPTER III.

It is time to introduce the reader to Parker's Dew and its inmates. We cannot do this better, than by following Shady Higgs and his companion, on their way from the van.

"Anything occurred in my absence?" asked the librarian, in a tone of condescension.

"No," said Robinson rather sullenly; "only the pigs has got into the garden, and turned up the flowers."

"Untoward creatures! Have they made much havoc?"

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"They's made a plenty of mess; they's been a devouring of the cabbages, and Mrs. Gillies were in a fine way, because you never looked after 'em afore you went."

Now, Robinson was not often guilty of such direct violations of duty towards dignity; but his patience had been tried by long waiting under the hedge, and Mrs. Gillies had unjustly punished him for the offence of the marauding pigs. He was, moreover, so laden with parcels, that he was obliged to walk with a precision ill according with his taste or age, lest some of them should be dislodged altogether; therefore, in respect of temper he was in a poor way.

Shady, whose weak point was sensitiveness in this particular, was divided in his mind between vexation at the misbehaviour of the pigs, and discomfort at the republican tone of the lad, whom he had long been trying to improve into a character worthy of the honour of serving in the family of De la Mark. He determined to pass by the pigs, and, turning to his companion, said, "How often, child, am I to exhort you to remember the respect due to your superiors, whether in age, station, or any good conditions?" Perhaps Robinson was not decided as to the required number of times; at any rate he did not answer, nor was his expression promising. "Listen," said the librarian, "while I repeat a form of words which would have been a becoming answer to my question; and in the first place you should have begun with 'No, sir,' or 'No, Mr. Higgs;' say that, and remember it is for your own good that I enforce this principle on you." Robinson may not have believed in the philanthropy of his preceptor, or he was heroically indifferent to his own interests; he walked on in dogged silence. "No, sir," or "No, Mr. Higgs," said the librarian, standing still, and looking firmly at the young incorrigible; for, gentle as a lamb at all other times, when Shady had, as he considered, a principle to maintain, or a duty to perform, he was a very lion. Robinson saw that he must give in, and muttered in a low tone, "No, Mr. Higgs." "It is well," said the librarian; and, considering the better part of valour to be discretion, he conceded the rest of the speech, content with the conquest gained, adding in a more gentle tone, "I hope in time to cure you of the slaughter of the aspirate, so offensive to a cultivated ear, and so general in this place. It is indeed wonderful how letters are subverted and substituted for one another, by the careless and ignorant; take Higgs, for instance: what name more simple? yet do they indiscriminately render it, 'Eggs and Iggs, Heggs and Higgs.'" Robinson interrupted this meditation by letting fall one of his parcels. "I fear," said the librarian, picking it up and laying it carefully in its place, "the corners of a book which I have purchased for you may have been injured, Robinson." Robinson looked as if he could bear the calamity. "There's a knife in that parcel also," continued Shady, "with many blades, which I intended for you when your improvement deserved it."

"Thank'ee, Mr. Higgs, sir," said Robinson, the knife going straight to his heart; and, as his hands were not at liberty to touch his cap or pull his hair, he made the most deferential nod his circumstances would permit.

"As to the book," resumed Shady, "it is not of a character to please you as yet; I had a prospective view in purchasing it, when your mind—but I see you wish to speak."

"I was just ~~going~~ to ask, Mr. Higgs, sir, how many blades there was in the knife?"

Rather disconcerted that the knife should engross the whole of his mind, he gave him first a little lecture on the superior value of that which he seemed to disregard, adding at the end, "There are four blades, a buttonhook, and a corkscrew." Oh! how light from that moment was Robinson's load! not that he had the least use for a buttonhook or a corkscrew; but to be the owner of a knife of such multifarious powers, was to him a new idea of happiness. In the fullness of his gratitude, he volunteered much fresh information, carefully putting "Mr. Higgs, sir," whenever an opportunity occurred.

Mr. Bloodworth had been at the Dew, and had high words with Miss De la Mark, and Sir Valany had been very ill, and Mrs. Gillies had wished Mr. Higgs back again twenty times. Altogether it had been a day of commotion at the Dew, from Sir Valany down to his pigs.

"Sacrilegious man!" said Shady, turning whiter with indignation, as the lad repeated some expressions dropped by Bloodworth in the courtyard; "had you spoken of this sooner," he continued, "we might have hastened."

"You see, Mr. Higgs, sir, it's impossible to do impossibilities, and I can't hasten with all these things," said the lad, whose head came out of his parcels like that of a tortoise from its shell; "'sides, he's gone now, and Sir Valany's better, and Miss was in the garden quite comfortable when I came away."

Shady nevertheless pressed on, in agitated expectation, until they reached the place. It was a large, dark, irregular pile, on a thickly wooded eminence—a land-mark conspicuous for many miles round. All that remained of the original castle was one tower, which was called Sir Mark's Tower, in honour of the founder of the family; the remainder had been raised by several of his descendants, to repair the decay of accident and time; and each seemed to have built according to his own age, without reference to what had been before him. Sir Mark's Tower, with a part of one side of the quadrangle, formed the dwelling of the present possessor; part of the remainder was an ivy-covered ruin; while a long and dreary-looking portion, containing the state-rooms, portrait gallery, armoury, and library, was given up to darkness and silence, being carefully boarded, barred, and bolted. The great entrance had not been approached for many years; the stately avenue of limes had interwoven their branches and formed an extended archway. To Sir Valany and his daughter was reserved a private doorway in the tower, while the retainers, (as Shady was pleased to style himself, Mrs. Gillies, the steward, and Robinson,) together with all comers, had ingress and egress by the outer courtyards and kitchen entrance. It was not, however, to the kitchen of former days that Shady now hastened; a small servitor's hall attached to it better answered the purposes of their economy.

Mrs. Gillies scarcely waited for his entrance, to pour out a medley of abuse and lamentation concerning her master, her young lady, and the steward, finishing up with an angry avowal, that Shady was never in the way when he was wanted. Shady, exhausted with his day of fasting and fatigue, pained by the occurrences in his absence, and somewhat discomfited by the undeserved castigation he was receiving, seated himself in the corner to wait until the high wind should have passed.

Nothing tires a passionate temper like letting it have its way; Shady had often tried the force of non-resistance, and depended on it now, for staying the torrent before Robinson's appearance. As at other times, he was right. Mrs. Gillies, subsiding, passed from a scolding to a declarative tone, and from that to one of ordinary talk, which finally warmed into kindness, as she saw the inoffensive librarian sit silently fanning himself, with an air of patient dejection.

"Why, you look as if Bloodworth had blew at you, and had the best of it too," she said.

"I have not broken fast since I left, and am weary and hungry," replied Shady.

"Then it is high time to eat," said the housekeeper; and, quickly unloading Robinson, who had just appeared, and despatching him with his evening meal to the ancient kitchen, she hastened to spread the table, recounting in cooler temper the events of the day.

There was nothing new in substance, for Robinson had told as much; but of course each fact was given with particularity.

"It's a strange thing to me, Shady," she said, "that

Sir Valany, so high as he is, can bear with Bloodworth. It's easy to say he's *used* to him; but if he forgives the things that man said to day, there's more than *use* that he depends on. He was daring to-day beyond what I ever saw him; if Sir Valany had not fainted when he did, I believe he would not have left; but he saw staying was of no use, and he was afraid, too, of Miss Marjory. She said but a word or two, but he couldn't stand her looks."

"Sacrilegious man!" cried Shady, shuddering more than once. His anxiety was appeased by learning that Sir Valany had not awoke since he took the sleeping draught. Miss De la Mark had been sitting at his door for the last hour, watching.

"I haven't been able to get her to eat nor drink; she's as pale as a ghost, and trembles like a leaf; but I don't think it's fear she shakes with."

Poor Shady! it was too much for him; Bloodworth was the only human being he regarded with dislike; notwithstanding his arrogant assumption, he was well known to be a man of low origin, who owed all his fortune to the family he served. If his insolence had been confined to those of his own rank, it would have been worthy only of contempt; but the indignation of the librarian knew no bounds, when the dignity of De la Mark was tarnished by his insolent bearing and free speech; it was one of the very few subjects that deprived him of his habitual serenity.

Whatever were his own views as to the secret of Bloodworth's impunity, he listened without replying to many of Mrs. Gillies' half-hinted suspicions. "Time will reveal all things," he said; "and now I must enter in my books the moneys expended. I must see, too, that those rebellious animals are properly secured; and if I can in a measure repair the damage they have done——"

"Mr. Higgs, sir," said Robinson, appearing at the door with his empty cup and platter, "please, sir, don't you want me to go and help to look arter them pigs?"

"Ah!" said Shady, smiling benignantly on him, "I must leave your lesson to-night, Robinson."

"It don't signify," said Robinson, cheerfully.

"No?" said Shady.

"Not for once, you know, Mr. Higgs, sir," said the lad, who felt he had been too accommodating. Suddenly recollecting, the librarian guessed his drift, and, placing the knife in his hands, told him that nothing but learning was really worth desiring.

## OTAGO;

OR, A RUSH TO THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER VI.—MORE APOLOGIES—MORE COMPLAINTS—A TRAVELING GROCER SHOP—GAMBLING FOR FOOD—THE RATION SYSTEM—GENERAL CHARACTER OF DIGGERS—HOPE DEFERRED—A NOISY SHIP—THE IRISH—RELEASE FROM STARVATION AND IMPRISONMENT.

My readers may think, that in the first chapter I have given them enough of my experience on the sea, without obtruding upon their notice a return voyage, especially as anything I saw and learnt on my passage to Melbourne could have but very little to do with Otago. My apology is, that on my return from Otago I learnt something new of the way passengers may be managed at sea, and I am willing to communicate it to those who are as ignorant on that point as I was before leaving Otago. I am not writing for those who have been much about the world and had more experience with evil things than I have. I am supposing that there are a few fortunate and sensible people, who have

remained in contentment, if not happiness, at home, and know nothing of the miseries gold-diggers have to endure, when being transported from one scene of suffering to another; and it is for these I am writing.

We are living in a very democratic age, where all classes of society claim the right to be represented everywhere. Biographies need no longer be of distinguished persons, who have become great by their own merit, or by accident. The heroes of tales may now be lamplighters, knife-grinders, headsmen, sweeps, anything, or nothing. People of the lowest and highest classes of society by means of literature are made acquainted with each other. There has been "A Voice from the Main-deck," and why should there not be a growl or whine from the steerage? Even the experience of a convict in prison may be given to the world; and I see no reason why a brief account of the sufferings of one of those unfortunate wretches, imprisoned in the steerage of a ship, on "the wilderness that never tires," should not be given also.

I sailed for Melbourne in the early part of the month of October, in a large clipper ship. As I cannot write in praise of the way we were treated, I shall not give the name of the ship or of its commander. This may seem cowardly; but I do not profess the power of reforming the abuses of the age, and to attempt doing so without the power, is to do more harm than good. Furthermore, my object is not to condemn one man, or the way passengers were treated in one ship, but to condemn the system I there found, wherever it exists. The name of that ship and its captain, as far as I am concerned,

"Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell."

The ship was to sail from "Otago Heads" in the morning, and I did not get on board till the anchor was being weighed. I did not stay on deck to learn the result of this operation, but went below for some breakfast. There are some things so incredible that one does not like to say he has ever met with them, for fear of being disbelieved; but I shall venture to tell the truth, although my reputation for veracity be lost in so doing. I sat down to breakfast, and, impossible as it may seem, there it was again, that detestable compound of water, tea, and sugar, cooked together, for a beverage on a cold, damp morning, in a ship at Tairora, or "Otago Heads."

The passengers were placed in messes, and were shown a dietary scale of the provisions to be allowed them. The amount of food we were to have looked very small on paper, but looked still less when served out by the purser. The quantity of meat allowed for each person per week only made an average of five ounces per day; and when from this we deducted the portions of it not fit for eating, such as salt, bone, and fat, what remained to be divided between eight hungry men was hardly sufficient to bait a rat-trap. The piece was so small, that to divide it without using a set of mathematical instruments or some apothecary's weights seemed impossible. For breakfast and supper, we had ship biscuit and tea, except one morning in a week, when we had "burgoo," or oatmeal porridge. The first Saturday out, no meat was given us, that being rice-day, and the rice was burnt so much in cooking that we could eat but very little of it. This coolie dinner had not been five minutes concluded before the purser was in his room selling ham, cheese, and flour. There seemed to be an intention somewhere of giving the passengers as little food, and selling them as much as possible. The Sunday after the rice dinner, we were to have no meat, it being "duff day;" but as most of



the passengers had baked and eaten the little flour with which they had been served for the "duff," a meeting was held on the main-deck, to which the captain was called and growled at, until he promised them some soup and bouilli for dinner. The soup and bouilli came, but it was so diluted with water that a shilling might be seen shining through a fathom of it. Three pounds of flour could be bought of the purser for a shilling, and the cook would make a loaf of bread with it for sixpence; but many of the passengers could not afford eighteenpence for a small loaf of bread, and many were compelled to live on the ship biscuit, for there was hardly enough of the meat to be considered as forming a part of what we subsisted on. Some idea may be conceived of the way we were living, when I state that I frequently saw men gambling for a loaf of bread, and have seen men reaching a shilling into the galley door, and bringing out a fistful of pudding in exchange. I also saw men playing cards, where the stakes were each one's share of the pea-soup that was to be for dinner—the two shares only being enough for one. Selling provisions to passengers who have paid a fair price for their passage and food may be a thing often done; but I had never seen it before, and the business seemed to me to exhibit the spirit of meanness more strongly intensified than I had ever imagined.

I look upon the captain of a ship as a landlord to whom I have paid for my board and lodging in advance; and to be shown a dietary scale, telling me how much I can eat, and no more, is a very humiliating and melancholy transaction for both parties. The provisions served out to us were only sufficient to give us an appetite which could only be appeased by buying food of the purser. There would be no cause for complaint if there was an understanding that passengers should supply themselves with food; but to embark with the idea that our food is paid for, and that the English government have established a scale of provisions for passenger ships, which may be increased, but must not be diminished, and then to learn that we must

"Cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast,"

unless we purchase food, and purchase it of those to whom we have already paid once for it, is to learn that we have been imposed upon. When we saw the cooks buying flour, fruit, etc., of the purser, and in three or four hours afterwards doing a large business in selling pudding and buns, for which hungry men paid an extravagant price, we could see there was an intention with all belonging to the ship, from the captain downwards, to rob us by the irresistible force of hunger.

Robbery is too mild a term to apply to the system by which the screw of hunger was applied for the purpose of extorting the last shilling possible. It was only unmitigated meanness and stinginess of mind. A manly course would have been to have charged more for the passage to Melbourne, and served out enough food for the passengers to have lived on comfortably; but a penny made in some contemptible manner is worth a shilling fairly obtained, in the opinion of some. It may be said that I am stating but common occurrences not worth notice; but an abuse being frequent, is in my opinion the main reason why it should be condemned. So every one will say; but what is wrong often becomes so familiar to some, that they see little harm in it. We were called a pack of "savages" and "pigs," and were told that, should the ordinary rations for ten men be served out to each of us, we would growl for more; but diggers are not unreasonable as a class, and are probably more intelligent than any other class living

by severe manual labour. They made no complaints about the quantity of provisions served out to them on the ship that took me to Otago, for the reason that they had no occasion. On that ship an abundance of provisions was served to all, and nothing was sold except grog, tobacco, or other articles not mentioned in the dietary scale. If by accident or waste any found themselves deficient of any article of food, it was freely given to them; while in the Melbourne bound ship every article was deficient in quantity, and could only be supplied by buying it of the purser.

Very few men who have been gold-digging for eight or ten years are mean and penurious. Whatever other faults they have, this is seldom among them. They have not worked at mining all that time without having done well at some period of the time; and when a man with a small penny-hunting disposition made a few pounds at mining, he set up in business, selling sly grog, soap, and sardines, or he bought land. All the penuriously disposed diggers who were unsuccessful, soon left the diggings, and sought employment where they were sure of making a few shillings every day. The uncertainty of what will be made in a month or a year at mining, is painful to a miserly mind, and it prefers employment where it can count chickens before the eggs are laid. Such a man prefers working under a master, and knowing what he will have at the end of the year, to working at mining with the to him horrible uncertainty of knowing that he may, or may not, at the end of the year have nothing. Those who have followed digging for many years like its uncertainty, and freedom from all control of masters that other occupations require. Hope ever cheers them on, and they are working for something, whether they get it or not, and they feel no humiliation in the toil. All of them have done well at some time, and many of them have often been fortunate, and knocked down the profits of their toil, showing their little regard for what they suffer so many hardships to obtain; and when they complain, it is not through meanness of disposition or any other want of cause.

When we had been out four or five days, complaints were made by the passengers about 'tween-decks not being swept and properly cleaned out, and they were told to do it themselves. The captain, general grocer, or provision merchant (I know not to which appellation he is the most entitled), before leaving Dunedin, probably had many applications from people without money for opportunities to work their way to Melbourne. He should have taken one or two of them for keeping the decks clean, and not have depended on his passengers to do it.

Although the passengers were called savages by some belonging to the ship, and in fact were only gold-diggers, wandering vagabonds, and, as one of them said, four-fifths of them Irish, yet there was less disturbance amongst them during the passage to Melbourne than with those belonging to the ship, who had a row or a fight nearly every day; and the captain used profane language.

The ship itself was a very noisy one. In every roll, the masts in loud language threatened to break through the decks and fall over the side. In the decks overhead was a ceaseless noise, like the falling of a heavy shower of rain on a roof of loose shingles. The sides of the ship seemed like a basket, threatening to collapse every instant by some heavy outward pressure. Every plank, from the creaking about it, seemed to be a box full of young mice. The waves dashing around the ship seemed more solemn in their roaring, and the wind moving through the rigging seemed more expressive of anguish in its

moans, than in any ship I was ever in before. It was a very noisy ship. Many bottles of ale and porter would be drunk each day, and the empty bottles, or "dead marines," as they are called, would be thrown under the berths. At night, if the yards were square, or the ship would be "laying to," (as was often the case,) and would be rolling heavily, the "dead marines" would roll over the deck from side to side, with a noise that would effectually prevent sleep. It certainly was a noisy ship; for of about two hundred and fifty passengers, two hundred of them were Irish, and the most of them used to play "forty-fives."

I would not wish my greatest enemy greater annoyance than trying to sleep in a room where seven different parties of Irish were playing "forty-fives." I have no particular antipathy against the Irish, and have much cause to respect them as a people. I have had Irishmen prove themselves my friends, and win my lasting gratitude, when I have been placed in difficulties where I thought myself friendless. I have ever found much to admire in their national character, formed of qualities too well known for me to mention here. Knowing that they are a people who can make themselves respected, it is with regret that one witnesses so often conduct in them but little different from what could be expected from the most rude and uncultivated savages on earth. Some of the English said the Irish were well enough when they were in the minority, but when they once knew themselves to be the strongest party, no others could live in peace in the same neighbourhood with them. A standing order seemed to have been issued to them, by some one whom they dare not disobey, and to read the order from their actions, it must have consisted of the words, "None of your pace and quietness here." On my return from Otago they furnished evidence that enables me to refute a part of the Pythagorean system of philosophy—that part of it which says that sound can only be heard when interrupted by silence, which they say is the reason we do not hear the music of the spheres.

The noises on the ship of which I am writing were uninterrupted by silence, and I believe—yes, I am certain—that they were heard. One can understand the English, Germans, French, and nearly all other people but the Irish; but the more one tries to read them, the more he is confounded. Just as he is nearly confirmed in the opinion that, as a people, they are stupid block-heads, he will see abundant evidence of a national superiority they possess over all other people, in wit, bright active fancies, and innate shrewdness of intellect. When conviction to this opinion is nearly established, we are sure to find some amusing evidence that causes us to stay judgment for a time; and thus our opinions of the Irish are left unformed, except as to their being a strange people.

If any argument or reason is wanted for any proposition, however absurd, an Irishman is the man to find it. Educated or not, he is the one that can find or create reasons for, and evidence of, whatever he wishes should be, although all other logicians and philosophers of earth should be unable to advance one word in support of the same resolve. But many of them seem only to have the faculty of comprehending or seeing reason that emanates from their own minds, and will not try to understand it when exhibited by another. They understand to perfection the uses of reason when it can be employed by themselves, but when it is used by others against them, they are too often beyond the reach of its power.

Meanness carried out on scientific principles is an art,

and one that could be acquired to perfection by doing some of the dirty work for two or three voyages on the ship that had the honour (if a ship can have such a thing) of bringing me from Otago. There are some things that must be supplied to passengers in the saloon, in form or fancy, if not in reality. Milk for coffee and tea is supposed to be one of these. The saloon table on this ship was supplied with milk, genuine milk, but of a kind, and obtained in a way, that would have made good chalk and water to me more preferable. A poor unfortunate nanny-goat was imprisoned in a little cage, and morning and night was helped up on to its feet, propped against the side of the cage to keep it from falling, and about a gill of milk taken from it. This operation might be necessary to supply the wants of a child but a few weeks old, but not for big ugly men, weaned over thirty years before. Moreover, the quantity of milk obtained, to be shared by twelve or fifteen persons, made the whole performance a farce got up in the same detestable spirit that conducted everything else on board.

After getting within about five hundred miles of Melbourne, we had head winds, or no winds at all, for five or six days, and made no progress towards the place we were so anxious to reach. During these days there was scarcely a pleasant word spoken on the ship. One morning we were informed that a stranger was on board, that the sailors had that morning "shaken hands with the stunsol halyards." This proved to be true. We had a fair breeze, and, for the first time out, the studding-sails were set. Even the hungry ones, those who had no money to buy provisions of the purser, put on pleasant faces. Two days after, we dropped anchor in Hobson's Bay. A steamer took us off, and on leaving the ship, three as loud groans as two hundred and fifty diggers could give were made for the captain.

A few hours afterwards we were where "Queen's weather" prevailed, where we could be served with kangaroo soup, curried opossum, and paté of frogs, had we not been too hungry to ask for anything regarded as a delicacy, for the reason that it certainly is not.

#### LANDSLIPS.

In certain parts of our coast, it seems as though a continual encroachment is made by the sea upon the land, while in other places the land gains upon the sea. In the former case it is probable that the sea only gains by means of the treachery of the land, or rather because the water in the land assists its kindred ocean, and betrays that which we are accustomed to call, though falsely, *dry* land. Where this betrayal is carried on, the path by which we went along the edge of the cliff last year has disappeared: there it lies, many feet below us, disjointed and broken. Along one part of the coast of Norfolk, the sea is retiring farther and farther from the old cliffs: the low-lying lands are more and more exposed, though it is by very slow degrees that substantial advantages are obtained. In other parts of the same coast the cliffs are crumbling into the sea, and Cromer, upon the north-east corner, is only saved from submersion by the handiwork of man. A curious case occurred in connection with two parishes near Cromer. They are small, and were held by one incumbent. The church of the one parish was in ruins, a mile or so distant from the sea; but the parsonage-house was good. Service was offered in the church of the other parish, where there was no parsonage-house at all. One of the bishops required that their clergy should live in the parishes where the worship was carried on, and the time of his episco-

pate was marked by the number of new parsonage houses throughout the diocese. But in this case the difficulty presented itself, that, little by little, slowly but surely, the church was drawing near its doom. Every year more of the churchyard sank over the cliff, and in the course of no very long time, the church must surely follow the tomb-stones and the graves. Which, then, was the best plan: to anticipate decay, and remove the church, and repair the other building, or to build a parsonage-house where soon there would be no church? The difficulties in either case were endless.

To the east of Brighton, the road is carried along the cliff, nearly a hundred yards from the edge: this is a new road; the old road may clearly be traced on the hill above Rottingdean, leading down to the edge of the perpendicular cliff. Dr. Buckland was of opinion that wherever the dip of the land caused the land-springs to flow towards the sea, there the sea would, of necessity, encroach; and, until the highest point is gained, from which the land-springs flow landwards, there could be no certainty of freedom from such slips.

The Isle of Wight presents, as one of its most pleasing features, the undercliff and landslip on its southern side: on the back of the Island, as it is generally called. For a distance of six miles, from Bonchurch to Niton, is a rough and rugged tract of land, varying in width from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile. Inland, there is a cliff: seaward, in some places, a second cliff; in others, a decline to the beach itself. Throughout, but especially near Bonchurch, the rocks lie about in the most picturesque confusion; and, having now large trees, and plenty of underwood, this landslip is exceedingly pretty and varied. Beyond Ventnor, the surface is comparatively level, though throughout, the grey rocks, and the green turf, and England's wild flowers afford most pleasant scenes.

Still further to the west, we come to another landslip, and this is one of the most interesting, inasmuch as, occurring in our own days, it enables us to see how others, like that in the Isle of Wight, have been brought about. On Christmas Eve, 1839, a coast-guardsmen, near Lyme Regis, was going on his rounds, and suddenly he burst in upon the family of a farmer, with the astounding intelligence that such a field was "gone." "Gone where?" was the answer, but that the man could not tell. Upon coming out to see what had happened, it was true—the field was nowhere; and the next morning disclosed a scene of ruin and demolition. Down below, at a depth of nearly three hundred feet, was the orchard, and the cottages, whose inmates had been keeping feast in their master's house. Stretching westward for three quarters of a mile, was a perpendicular cliff, separated from an opposite cliff by a space from 200 to 300 yards wide. In the bottom, 150 and 200 feet below, were the fields: grass, or wheat, or barley, tilted up and mingled with the rocks and stones and rubbish which had come down in their descent. Here a hedge, which had run right across the fields, was seen separated by the chasm from its kindred twigs, while below, the line of hedge was hardly broken for some considerable portion of its length; and there, above the other cliff, was the continuation of it, standing as though nothing had happened. Out to sea were rocks and islands of varying height and size, where yesterday the waves flowed unopposed.

But the most remarkable thing is, that the land did not go straight into the sea, carrying all before it. While the chasm is as we have described it, it communicates with the shore only at its extremities; throughout its course it is separated from the beach by a mass of the solid earth which was not affected by the ruin. Upon

it the crops were growing as they had been; there is still the continuance of the hedge, and like an island remains this portion of the land, separated by the landslip from contact with the main land. It seems as though the sunk portion had gone underneath this mass, or had displaced the foundations in such a manner, that it supplied the place with its own rocks.

How many of the features which there disclosed themselves to the wondering gaze have vanished! The soft material of the soil has yielded to the action of wind and weather; the rocks and islands out at sea have been washed away; thousands of rabbits burrow everywhere about, and climb up precipices where it would seem that only birds could be the tenants; and continual crumbling has taken off the sharpness of the edges, which must have added to the strangeness of the scene. Of course the attention of the savans was speedily directed to what had occurred; there arose a strife of science, as to the nature and the cause of the accident. While some maintained that the depression was the result of subsidence, others held that it was a slip—that a lower stratum having become rotten and slimy from long continued wet, had suddenly allowed the upper soil to slide down its slippery surface.

From Lyme-Regis to this landslip, a distance of about three miles, there are in miniature the features which mark the undercliff of the Isle of Wight. Former slips have been overgrown—the exposed rocks have become grey. Inland and behind it, towards Axminster, the country is broken and rugged, just as if a similar change had taken place ages or generations ago. Again to the west, and just under Beer Head, (a most commanding cliff, from which the view extends from Portland Bill to the Start Point, taking in the whole of that bay which bounds the south of Dorset and of Devon,) there is a smaller slip, marked by all the characters of those we have described, but with a greater boldness, as the limestone is of a very compact nature, and allows the pinnacles and towers to remain reared far above the low-lying and softer rubbish.

The last landslip of which we have any account, took place in May, on the coast between Lyme-Regis and Charmouth. Several men and boys were at work in gardens on and near the spot, and one boy escaped with his life by jumping over the cracks as they opened under him, as in an earthquake. A woman who was near at the time was so terrified that she threw herself flat upon the ground. Her fright may well be excused, for, half-a-dozen acres of land marching off bodily, must be a strange sight, and one not altogether devoid of the terrible. A man, who was close at hand, describes the noise as having been "like a thousand thunders." Scarcely ten minutes before the slip took place, a gentleman who owned part of the lost land was standing on the edge of the very highest part of the cliff, expressing his admiration of the magnificent view before him, as, it being clear weather, he could see Portland on the one hand, and Start Point on the other. Within a quarter of an hour, the ground on which he stood was strewn in fragments upon the beach, at least one hundred yards in perpendicular depth below. The appearance of this landslip is very different from that of the great slip near Axmouth, 1839. In this case but a very small part of the detached mass held together. Nearly the whole of the cliff seems to have fallen over, and to have been dashed to atoms. It is difficult to estimate correctly the area of cultivated ground lost; at present the distance from the road to the edge of the cliff is about eighty yards. It is said, however, that the slip covers nearly six acres of ground. The beach itself, right down to low-



water mark (as seen soon after), was a perfect chaos of blue lias and mud. The peculiar nature and direction of the strata seem to render the neighbourhood of Lyme-Regis liable to these great slips. The sea is rapidly gaining on the east end of the town itself. Part of the churchyard has already slipped away, and more than one grave has disappeared.

In geological parlance, these landslips belong to the Lias group in the secondary or Mesozoic series. Near the Lyme-Regis end of the Devonshire landslip, the face of the cliff has been worked for the blue-coloured clay which belongs to this group, and its deep shaded tints add to the variety of hue. In fact, that portion of the natural landslip has received an increase of beauty from the wild ruin wrought by man's labour for industrial uses.

### DR. ISAAC BARROW.

CAMBRIDGE has done full though somewhat tardy honour to one of the greatest of her sons. The University has republished the theological works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, and Trinity College has republished his mathematical works, edited by Dr. Whewell. A statue will also perpetuate the outward appearance of the greatest of the Masters of Trinity College.

"Among the divines who appeared at the era of the Restoration," says Dugald Stewart, "it is impossible to pass over in silence the name of Barrow, whose theological works (adorned throughout by classical erudition, and by a vigorous though unpolished eloquence) exhibit in every page, marks of the same inventive genius which in mathematics has secured to him a rank second alone to that of Newton. As a writer, he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterizes his manner, is a certain air of powerful and conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion, and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, 'puts forth but half its strength.' He has somewhere spoken of his *Lectiones Mathematicae*," (which, it may in passing be remarked, display *metaphysical* talents of the highest order,) as extemporaneous effusions of his pen; and I have no doubt that the same epithet is still more literally applicable to his pulpit discourses. It is indeed only thus that we can account for the variety and extent of his voluminous remains, when we recollect that the author died at the age of forty-seven."

In a note annexed to an English translation of the Cardinal Maury's "Principles of Eloquence," it is stated, upon the authority of a manuscript of Dr. Doddridge, that *most* of Dr. Barrow's sermons were transcribed three times, and some much oftener. "They seem to me," says Dugald Stewart, "to contain very strong intrinsic evidence of the incorrectness of this anecdote." Mr. Abraham Hill, in his "Account of the Life of Barrow," addressed to Dr. Tillotson, contents himself with saying that "*some* of his sermons were written four or five times over;" mentioning, at the same time, a circumstance which may account for this fact, in perfect consistency with what is stated above—that Barrow was very ready to *lend* his sermons as often as desired.

Isaac Barrow's father was a linendraper of London, and he was born there in 1630. He studied at Cambridge for the ministry; but as his sentiments were too royalist for the prevailing powers, he turned his views

to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. In 1652 he travelled on the Continent of Europe, and even went to Smyrna and Constantinople. In 1660 he was appointed Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and in 1662, Professor of Geometry in Gresham College, London. In 1663 he resigned both of these appointments, on being elected to the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. This professorship was founded by Henry Lucas, who was educated at St. John's, and twice represented the University of Cambridge in Parliament. Previously to the institution of this professorship, mathematical science was little cultivated at Cambridge, though in subsequent years it formed the chief glory of that University. Barrow was the first Lucasian Professor, and brought to the adornment of the chair, the most profound mathematical knowledge, and the noblest powers of reasoning and eloquence. He retained the office for six years, and then resigned it in favour of his young friend Newton, who in his early days had begun his contributions to science, and communicated to Barrow some of those discoveries for which he afterwards became so famous. Barrow now resolved to devote himself exclusively to theological studies. In 1670 he was made Doctor of Divinity, and two years after, he was appointed Master of Trinity College by King Charles II, who remarked, on the occasion, that he had given the place to the best scholar in England. He was made one of the king's chaplains, and his Majesty was accustomed to style him *a most unfair preacher*, because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing to be said by others. The comprehensiveness and fertility displayed in his sermons have rarely been equalled. He made one striking observation, easy to be remembered, and well worthy of being universally acted upon: *A straight line is the shortest in morals, as well as in geometry.* This great and good man died at the early age of forty-seven. In Westminster Abbey, near Poet's Corner, there is a monument erected to his memory, remarkable for a very fine bust, representing this truly great mathematician and divine.

It would not be easy to select passages from the sermons of Barrow, fitted to give any just idea of his powers. We shall venture on one quotation from a sermon on the "Duty and Reward of Bounty to the Poor;" and although the title is rather ominous, when it speaks of a reward for such bounty, yet the description of the dignity of a poor man, both what he is by nature, and what he is when he becomes a Christian man, is full of sublimity, and not defective in evangelical unction. "He whose need craves our bounty, whose misery demands our mercy, what is he? He within himself containeth a nature very excellent; an immortal soul and an intelligent mind, by which he nearly resembleth God himself, and is comparable to angels; he invisibly is owner of endowments rendering him capable of the greatest and best things. He whom you behold so dejectedly lying in the dust, naked or clad with rags, meagre with hunger or pain, he comes of a most high and heavenly extraction; he was born a prince, the son of the greatest King eternal; he can truly call the sovereign Lord of all the world his Father, having derived his soul from the mouth, having had his body formed by the hands of God himself. In this, the rich and poor, as the wise man saith, do meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all. Such in worth of nature and nobleness of birth he is as a *man*; and highly more considerable he is as a *Christian*. For, as vile and contemptible as he looks, God hath so regarded and prized him, as for his sake to descend from heaven, to clothe himself with flesh, to assume the form of a servant; for his good to



STATUE OF BARROW, AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

undertake and undergo the greatest inconveniences, infirmities, wants and disgraces, the most grievous troubles and most sharp pains incident to mortal nature. God hath adopted him to be his child; the Son of God hath deigned to call him brother; he is a member of Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost; a free denizen of the heavenly city, an heir of salvation, and candidate of eternal glory. The greatest and richest personage is not capable of better privileges than God hath granted him, or of higher preferments than God hath designed him to. In fine, this poor creature whom thou seest, is a man and a Christian, thine equal (whoever thou art) in nature, and thy peer in condition. Yea, if thou art vain and proud, be sober and humble; he is thy better, in true dignity much to be preferred before thee; far in real worth surpassing thee; for better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich."

#### AN ADVENTURE ON A BRIDGE.

THERE were seven of us young fellows on a tour together, round the North of Ireland. Three were from Cambridge, one from Oxford, and one from Dublin University: the other was a boy from school; but it was holiday

time for all, and we spanked along the road at a famous pace, driving tandem in those nice light Irish cars. One afternoon, murky and gray, with a fresh breeze blowing, we all mounted a long four-wheeled car with two horses, and went to see the hanging bridge at Carrick-a-reade. This bridge connects a little island in the sea with the high cliffs splashed by the great Atlantic waves, and it is formed of two ropes, carrying a plank about seventy feet long, and only a few inches wide, high in mid-air, over the dashing foam; with a handrope indeed: but woe be to you if you lean on *that*, for it is slack, and will let you down, and there's an end of you.

When we came near, a crowd of men pressed us to take one for a guide, but we insisted on taking only our driver, a sharp little Irish lad. The men grumbled vastly, and they followed us over the bridge, murmuring Irish in very sulky tones.

It was dangerous enough to run across by this giddy plank; so we left the school-boy on the mainland, and when we had inspected the island, and looked at the salmon nets, and had watched the great billows rolling up the dark cliffs, we came back to the bridge to cross and to go on our journey.

Here were all the men, about twenty, huddled together, and they had actually slackened the ropes of the bridge,





and one of them, Corny Regan, said with a bold impudence, "Gentlemen, ye'll not cross till ye pay." Persuasion, threats, and argument were of no use; the men were determined to force us, but we were determined not to be forced. "We will *not* pay, not a sixpence; you have no right to ask it, and we shall stop here all night rather than give you a farthing."

The discussion lasted long; the sun went down, the shades of evening darkened, and the wind rose to a gale that lashed the hollow rocks with thundering waves.

Corny increased his demand for money, because of the delay. The men parleyed apart, and so did we. Each party was equally dogged in its resolution.

Soon lights appeared on the opposite rocks, and the men's wives came and shouted. Then we could hear through the whistling wind the lonely schoolboy crying, as the women plagued him with abuse.

A coast-guard boat came near, attracted by the lights; but the storm was now too furious to allow the boat to land in that dreadful surf.

After hours of useless wrangling with the men, one of our fellows, Houldsher, a Cantab, gallantly volunteered to rush across the bridge, if we could draw it tight up for a moment.

Suddenly we hauled the tackle, and lifted the bridge. The men were too late in resisting. He was half way across—it would have been sheer murder for the cowards to stop him then; scorning the handrope, with a dozen bold strides along the plank, swinging over the deep chasm, he gained the other side and ran to the car, unharnessed a horse, and rode off at full gallop for the police station, some eight miles away.

The men were cowed by this bravery, and now they offered to let us go; but I said, "No, you are *our* prisoners now, and we will not stir till we hand over Corny to the police."

An hour of cold suspense followed; but at length our English blood was fairly "up," and the bleak wind

had cooled Paddy down amazingly. At last, and far too soon, we heard the shouts of Houldsher on the other side, and all he could say was in Latin, "*Non potui*," "I couldn't do it."

Poor fellow! his horse had fallen; his head was cut; he had lain insensible; the horse had disappeared; and after vain efforts to ride a miserable donkey on his errand, he had given it up in despair.

But now we put the best face on matters when they were at their very worst, and the men thought the police were coming; so they joined with us in tightening the bridge. How it reeled and creaked, and danced up and down in the wind!

Here another long discussion began; for I told the men four of us travellers must go first, then Corny, and then myself, as a guard behind him.

My four friends ran over one by one. So dark it was, I could only *hear* that they landed safely.

The men made a rush to cross next; but I told them if they broke the order we had resolved on, the first who came to the other side would be hurled down the cliffs by my companions.

It was one youth against twenty men, most of them hardy fishermen; but they gave in at last, and Corny, a great hulking sailor, prepared to cross, with me close behind him.

I have crossed the ladders over crevasses with poor Albert Smith, and many a time have had a trying minute of danger in all quarters of the globe, but never with more excitement than this. The blackness of the night, the waving lights before us, the storm around, and the roaring water below, all this made the bridge look terrible; but young heated blood is bold in its very thoughtlessness. There was silence as we two stepped on the narrow plank, and on we came till the middle was reached, when down plumped Corny, sat astride the plank, and vowed the most dreadful oaths he would never move until I passed first. I was thoroughly

frightened, but I could not turn; I buffeted him with my knees, boxed him with my hands, and at last kicked him with my feet, until he rose and scrambled over on all fours, and then we had him prisoner.

We had a short, sharp struggle on the mainland, but carried him off, went straight to a magistrate, who was fast asleep in bed, and no wonder, at two o'clock in the morning.

Corny Regan was sent for a year to gaol, and we seven went on with our long vacation tour.

### LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BANK GIRL'S END.

As Mr. Rivers and Mr. Norman proceeded, their attention was directed to a crowd of persons assembled in an adjoining field of works—the numbers being constantly augmented by those who came running to the spot.

"What is up, there?" inquired Mr. Norman.

"An accident, I fear," said his companion; "shall we go and see?"

Before they had reached the spot, the wild cry of a woman rang through the air, succeeded by various shrieks and screams from those assembled. Hurrying on, they perceived to their horror the corpse of a young girl, some thirteen years of age, in the arms of a stout collier, while a woman, evidently the child's mother, was wringing her hands and uttering most piteous lamentations. There was no room to hope that life yet lingered in the poor bruised form; and while Mr. Rivers stepped forward to say, if possible, a word of consolation to the wretched mother, Mr. Norman inquired briefly the cause of death. The deceased had been one of those unhappy beings, a "bank girl;" that is, the scene of her employment was usually at the pit mouth, and the feminine nature of her occupation such as may readily be imagined. On the present occasion, her business had been to empty the "skip," or wagon, as it ascended, and replace it ready for a descent. Pushing it back to the shaft, after the fashion commonly adopted, and, to quote from Mr. Norman's informant, "butting with her head, till she could scarce see aught before her," she came sooner than she expected to the edge of the pit. A man, seeing her fearful situation, called loudly to her to stop; but it was too late, and in a few seconds her mutilated corpse lay several hundred feet below the ground.

Great excitement prevailed among the people assembled, as the girl seemed to have been well known among them. "She was a sad naughty girl, too," remarked one hard-featured woman—though apparently more in sorrow than from desire to speak ill of the dead—"a rare bad 'un to swear, betimes; 'twas only this forenoon she was using such foul language, like to make your blood curdle in your veins to hearken to it." "Ay, she did," quickly responded another; "but she mourned over it her self afterwards. 'Mother,' she says, when she got home, I heered her say it, 'oh mother, I do think I've said more bad words to-day, nor ever I've said in my life afore. Eh, but mine is a foul tongue!' And down she sits and cries fit to break her poor heart. Poor Nan, poor Nan! and now she's dead!"

The mother, in the meantime turning a deaf ear to all consolatory expressions, continued calling loudly on her "Nan" to come back to her; then, suddenly catching sight of a man's figure in the distance, she rushed wildly towards him, screaming at the pitch of her voice, "She's dead, John; she's dead; they've killed our Nancy." The man had plainly heard the news before,

for his face was nearly as white as that of the poor corpse; but he was quite calm. Slightly pushing aside his wife as he came up, with, "Dunna, then, wench, dunna; canst thee na hou'd thee tongue?" he pressed forward to the dead body of his child, and gazed ruefully upon the wan countenance. "Ah, poor wench!" he said at length; "poor Nan; thee'st had a short life enough of it, though never a merry one, and now thee's out of thy pain." Then he kissed passionately the cold brow and lips of the unhappy girl, desired that she might be carried to his cottage, and, taking hold of his wife's arm, the mournful procession followed them from the disastrous field.

Mr. Norman and his companion walked on for some time in silence, both much agitated and distressed by the scene they had witnessed. Mr. Rivers would gladly, if possible, have improved the occasion by a few solemn words to the spectators; but he found them too much excited to attend to him, and determined to reserve his address till the time of the child's funeral.

"There could, of course, be no blame attached in this case," at length observed the inspector, "except to the poor girl herself; it was simply the effect of her own carelessness."

"Just so," was the reply; "the marvel to me is, that numbers of girls do not share her fate. I have often watched them with horror, pushing those machines, with their heads bent down, and quite indifferent to the danger. I wish this might lead to its being put a stop to."

"The whole affair, you mean, I trust—employment of bank girls inclusive?"

"Most heartily I do; it's an evil system, unworthy of toleration: and when the Houses took such compassion upon females employed in the pit, they might as well have carried their benevolence a little higher at the same time."

"I quite agree with you," replied the inspector.

"Have you ever," Mr. Rivers inquired after a pause, "come in contact with any of our leading iron or coal-masters in the district?"

"Oh, with several, and have reason, in a general way, to thank them for the friendly manner in which I have been received, and for the frank, manly spirit in which any observations or suggestions I had to offer were accepted by them."

Mr. Rivers said he was "glad to hear it." He was thinking of his own experience, and did not feel enthusiastic by any means about the iron and coal-masters.

"You, I hope, can bear an equally favourable testimony?" continued the inspector.

"I have been rather unfortunate," was the reply; "possibly from a natural unwillingness to press for what seems at all to be grudged: besides, I fancy we of the cloth labour under special disadvantages in these respects."

"How so?" inquired the inspector, smiling.

"Well, they look with a suspicious eye upon us; they fancy our general attitude is that of beggars; that we want not 'them' but 'theirs,' and consequently encase themselves in an armour of cold, stand-off civility. Now, you stand on quite another footing. It's not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with you, and therefore your suggestions, etc. are listened to without suspicion, and even with gratitude."

"I understand your meaning," said Mr. Norman, "but hope, nevertheless, there are many exceptions to this state of things."

"I am sure there are, but from my late arrival here cannot speak from experience."

"Do you know the Marriotts, of Colebrook House?" inquired the inspector.

"I know that Mr. Marriott has works in my parish, and subscribes liberally to the institutions; but we have not yet met."

"I never," said he, "met a family that pleased me more; fine genial characters, every one of them. You must know them; you must know Mr. Marriott."

"Perhaps I shall in time," returned Mr. Rivers; "but I confess that, as a new comer, I have had more discouragement thrown in my way than I could have thought possible to be met with in a rich and populous district, where most of the great masters make at least professions of good will to the church."

#### CHAPTER X.—AN INTRODUCTION TO COLEBROOK HOUSE.

It might have been about a week from the time that Mr. Norman passed so warm a eulogium on his friends the Marriotts, when Mr. Rivers became able to judge for himself how far it had been merited. Plodding through the parish, the excellent Pepper at his heels, he was meditating upon the extreme discomfort of walking a few yards behind a heavy wagon on a dusty road, when another and lighter vehicle was heard approaching. Its indications of coming to a stand-still made him look up, and he saw that one of its occupants was taking off his hat to him, and looking disposed to speak; in another instant he was out of the gig and putting his desire into execution.

"My name is Marriott; allow me to introduce myself in this unceremonious manner." He was such a pleasant, hearty-looking man, and withal of so gentlemanly a deportment, that it was impossible not to feel at home with him. "Let me introduce my son; one of them. I have more children than I can always count." He made many apologies for not having called on Mr. Rivers—absence from home, illness in the family, many things had prevented it: he trusted to call soon.

He did call the next day. The clergyman was delighted with him, and the "reciprocity" did not seem at all "on one side." Would he come soon to Colebrook House without ceremony? would he come that very evening? the distance was trifling. Well, Mr. Rivers was by no means of a stand-off disposition, nor had he a superabundance of friends in the neighbourhood—he would go, and he went.

A thoroughly comfortable, enjoyable residence was Colebrook House—very large and beautifully furnished—but not too magnificent for a "plain man" to feel at ease in it. It was a nice place to spend a week at; the very walls looked suggestive of hospitality, and assured you, in mute eloquence, that you were welcome, and that all you could possibly want or desire was to be had without the asking. The party that evening were assembled in the library—a *real* library, lined all round with books. Besides the family, Mr. and Mrs. Purdon were present—no one else. Mr. Rivers thought the sons and daughters would never have done presenting themselves to him in succession, and he perfectly sympathized in their father's perplexity. There were thirteen in all—ten in the house; but there was so much of them altogether, between height and moustaches on the sons' part, long curls and stiff muslins on the daughters', that they seemed interminable. The mother of this goodly family was a cosy-looking lady, remarkable for a stupendous piece of worsted work, invariably seen in her possession; usually bearing the shape of a jam dumpling, but when "opened out" exhibiting a blaze of colours, which might have put the most pretending rainbow to the blush. Otherwise, Mrs. Marriott was so

bound up in her husband and children, that she could scarcely claim a separate existence, nor did she desire one!

Mr. Rivers speedily fraternized in a marvellous manner with the whole party; they were a "genial" set, as Mr. Norman had aptly described them, and there was a life and spirit about them all, which did him good like a tonic. Apparently, some grand meeting was in prospect among Mr. Marriott's work-people, and a great deal of good-natured "chaffing" was carried on among the brothers, concerning a lecture to be delivered by one of them on the occasion. That was the third son—a merry-looking little fellow with thick black hair, through which he generally passed his hand when he addressed you. He had lately been in Switzerland, and his adventures there were to be the theme of his discourse. "The beauty of it is," said the eldest brother, addressing Mr. Rivers, "that Percival fancies we shall all give him credit for the most heroic and valorous exploits; the real truth being that a much greater coward never breathed; why, there was no getting him down a pit, till Annie there set the example, and then for very shame he was obliged to go."

"Draw it mild, Ned," put in the accused, quite unmoved by the imputations cast upon him; "pray don't spoil beforehand the effect of my eloquence."

"I hope," said Mr. Marriott, "we may see you at the supper; it might interest you to see some of our work-people together, even if Percival's discourse should fall a little flat."

"Which it will not," observed his sister Annie, seconded by Mrs. Purdon.

"I should like it greatly," was the answer, "for I have never seen any body of workmen together in these parts; how many do you assemble?"

"Oh, I suppose some three hundred, more or less, will sit down to supper, their wives having previously had a good tea, which we consider more the thing for ladies."

"Being translated, quite good enough for *wives*," said Mrs. Purdon, laughing all over her face, as was the way with her; "confess now, Mr. Marriott."

"Well, since you prefer that version," said he, "and since they don't have the hard labour in my service their husbands have, I think it is good enough."

"Besides," said Mr. Purdon, "don't tell *me*—give a woman, high or low, I don't care which, a cup of tea, *very* strong, *very* sweet, and *very* hot, with a piece of plum-cake too rich to bear thinking of, and what does she care for all your meats and suppers?"

"Much you know about it, Harry," said his wife.

"As much, perhaps," said Mr. Marriott, "as the philosopher who gave as his definition of woman, 'a creature who cannot reason, and who pokes the fire from the top.'"

Most of the party now entered with great zest into various games, that were proposed for the general good. Mr. Rivers, affirming that his days for play were passed, sat apart conversing with his host; but that his *entire* attention was absorbed by him, need not necessarily be inferred. The more he saw of Mr. Marriott, the more he liked him; it was pleasant to hear the frank, cordial tone in which he spoke of his work-people, and his plans for their instruction, amusement, etc. There was nothing bordering on egotism in anything he said, yet no one could listen, without receiving a *very* good idea indeed of the speaker. The welfare of his men evidently lay very near his heart. A reading-room had lately been established in connection with his works, in which the leading periodicals, etc., of the day were brought within reach of all who chose to avail themselves of the privi-



lege: it was gratifying to learn that these were not few in number. "I assure you," said Mr. Marriott, "we have some literary characters among us. It would be worth your while to come in, once in a way, and hear some of them discuss the pros and cons of a popular production. One or two of my lads find great amusement in that way." "I dare say," was the reply, in rather an absent tone, the speaker's attention being diverted by a game of chess between Mr. Purdon and the eldest daughter of the house.

"We have some chess-players among us too," continued Mr. Marriott, observing the current of his friend's reflections; "it's a game I was once fond of, and it's good mental exercise for those who can throw themselves into it."

Then they talked about the *Monday Institute*, for which the government inspector had been an advocate. Mr. Marriott rather smiled at the idea, but admitted it was a good one if practicable. "Anything to attract, and keep those Monday idlers out of harm's way," he said, "would be of unspeakable advantage; anything to keep them sober, and leave their money in their pockets."

"The disproportion between wages received, and the general aspect of home and family," observed Mr. Rivers, "is what has struck me most forcibly in my parochial visitation."

"I am not surprised at that," returned his host; "the total want of what is commonly called 'forecast,' is the curse of this district; by no means limited in its effects to the lower orders of iron-workers; 'like man, like master,' may be said in this case, I fancy."

"Don't you find a great demand existing for a sup o' red putt wine'd among the invalids in your neighbourhood?" Miss Marriott inquired, wheeling round on her chair: she had just said "check-mate," and we all know the flow of spirits, on one side, always produced by those emphatic words.

"I do indeed," said Mr. Rivers, laughing; "the healing influence of that beverage seems most highly rated here. It matters little as to the nature of the disease. It was in requisition yesterday, for a patient in the very height of his fever."

"How many of your sons are of like metal with yourself?" inquired Mr. Rivers.

"Oh, two as yet," replied the father; "there's no saying what those little chaps yonder will turn out. Master Percy, there, calls himself an engineer and land surveyor, and two more are at Oxford. I should like you to see my son Neville," he continued, while his eyes brightened and the expression of his face grew soft, as if the theme were dear to him.

"Is he one of the collegians?" inquired Mr. Rivers. "He is, and a successful one too. That boy, if he lives, will be something in the world." And then followed a long account of his brilliant Rugby days—the prizes he had won, the scholarship he had gained; it was evident that, of all his thirteen children, that son had found out the softest corner of his father's heart, and enshrined himself therein.

"Mr. Lucas is not here to-night," said Mr. Rivers, as he presently found himself at Mr. Purdon's side.

"No; he stayed with aunt; he and she are the greatest cronies possible, which is extraordinary, seeing her dread of men in general; she only tolerates Mr. Purdon."

"I should have fancied this a very trying neighbourhood," continued Mr. Rivers, "to a person such as you describe your aunt; there is so little in sight or sound to waken pleasant associations."

"And yet, strange to say, they seem to exercise a

soothing power over her: I have seen her listen for an hour at a time to the monotonous ring of the chain, with such a look of tranquil pleasure on her countenance as I could hardly describe to you."

"You must allow me to see Mrs. Cameron, the next time I call, will you?" said Mr. Rivers.

"I will try: but mind, I warn you beforehand, she will not like you."

"Ah, I see you don't yet know my power to charm," said he, laughingly; "but I will take my chance."

If Mrs. Maybury had been permitted to unburden her mind concerning her master's state, during the next few days, she would confidentially have pronounced him to be in "a fit of the blues." Possibly he was nearer that condition than even she was aware of. It is certain that he returned from Colebrook House with a conviction, which it is authoritatively believed he retains to the present day—that Annie Marriott had "eyes of sapphire." Reader, they were hazel!

### FUNERAL EXTORTION.

Of all industrial callings that ever were carried on, that of the undertaker is the least liable to ordinary trade losses, and to depressions from want of business; for it is a well-known fact that people in general do pay the cost of burying their dead, and equal-footed death still keeps on knocking at lofty palace gates and humble cottage doors, with the same indiscriminating regularity and persistency as he did in the days of the Roman lyric poet, and had done for four thousand years before. There is never any slack time in the vocation of the undertaker—the staple of his business is never cut short by foreign broils. Whatever be the state of the markets, whatever the prospects of commerce, London gives up her weekly thousand and more, month after month, and year after year, into the hands of the "performers of funerals," as they aptly style themselves, to be arranged for the last sad and silent ceremonial. The Registrar-General may record, now and then, a season of extra mortality, when typhus, cholera, influenza, diphtheria, and other lethal artillery launched by him of the pale horse against helpless humanity, mow down their extra hundreds and thousands; but that exact functionary never is known to make a single entry denoting aught like a truce in the warfare. Other matters may have their periodical mutations, may pause, or halt, or fitfully intermit; other fashions may shift and change, and run their round of folly or frivolity, but whatever be uppermost to-day or to-morrow, and whatever may have fallen flat, and stale, and drifted into the limbo of forgetfulness, still, that old fashion of death survives all other fashions; and amidst all our strifes and excitements, our grand speculations and petty vexations, the cold skeleton fingers are ever stealthily drawing us towards that downward door with the fringe of daisies and green grass, and "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

One would think, looking to the saddening and solemn details of their profession, even making all due allowance for the effect of custom—looking also to their comparative exemption from losses by bad debts, common to other trades, that an undertaker would naturally carry some conscience into the execution of his function; that, while doing his duty towards the dead, he would recognise the claims of the living, and feel morally bound to consider their interests at a period when grief had the mastery over them. We do not say that this is not so; we are far from affirming that there are not men in this profession who disdain to profit by the opportunity which sor-

row and bereavement afford them to plunder the bereaved. We know in truth that there are many such men, who stand justly honoured for their unimpeachable integrity in this matter. But we know—for we cannot help knowing—also, that in numberless instances the interment of the dead is in the hands of miscreants, whom it is almost flattery to compare to the vulture, or the foulest carrion bird; men who are lost to every feeling but that of gain, and who make the margin of the grave the arena of spoliation. Examples of the rapacity and cold-blooded extortion of such fellows are repeatedly coming under our observation, all showing the unmistakable fact that the morality of the profession is, in their hands, to use a plain word, robbery, and their sole view in the prosecution of it, plunder. From time to time a case comes before the public tribunals, and then the most hideous disclosures are made. It has been proved again and again, that the price of services performed for the dead has doubled, and even quadrupled the fair remunerative charge. Now it comes out that numerous attendants have been engaged, for whose engagement there was not the slightest ground of necessity, and who, upon investigation, have proved to be mere imaginary personages, not producible in the flesh, and only existing in the columns of the undertaker's account. Again, it has been shown that the most costly materials have been profusely lavished on all sides—given away, not only to the clergyman, the medical man, and the mourners present at the ceremony, but also to menials, grave-diggers, and strangers—given for the sole object of charging them in the bill, and swelling its amount. This is abominable; but worse remains to be told; for it has been proved on evidence, that the expensive materials thus lavishly given, are by a kind of tacit compromise returned to the undertaker, for a consideration trifling when compared with their original cost, and are economically reserved by him to be re-bestowed and re-charged to his employers at some subsequent ceremony. The disclosures made at a trial which took place not long ago, proved these villanies beyond denial, and a jury awarded some measure of justice to the victim of them. But the cases which come to light are all too few to effect any reform of the abuse, and the reason is obvious. The bereaved revolt at the idea of questioning, much less disputing, any expense which is incurred in testifying their regard for their deceased friends; they feel that such an act might be construed into a grudging on their part of the sacrifice entailed by rites which are usually held sacred, and it would wound them sorely if such a construction were put on any act of theirs; so they submit silently to the extortion, and it is never made public. The dishonest undertaker is quite aware of this natural feeling, and he makes of the sorrowing love of survivors an occasion for theft, and converts the grief that he should honour, into an inducement to pick a pocket.

Instances corroborative of the truth of these remarks will occur to most readers whose lot has been cast amid circumstances of family bereavement. We could point to a young couple, who, losing their first-born infant—the blossom of a single year—found themselves, when all was over, and the grave held their lost treasure, indebted nearly a quarter's income for the ceremony of interment, which they were too much distressed to manage themselves, and had left entirely to the sympathizing officiousness of the man of funerals. We could point to the widow, whose small remnant of property has been half swallowed up in mournful mummeries thrust upon her when every shilling was of tenfold value, and common-sense would have dictated the most stringent economy. We might, indeed, revert to no end of examples in which the

distress of the mourner has been made the stalking-horse to the unprincipled greed of the undertaker.

But we may be rendering a more important service by cutting short these hateful details, which only stir one's indignation, and pointing attention in another direction, in which a remedy may be found. It is, of course, a not unamiable feeling that leads the bereaved to incur expense, and even to submit to deprivation or condemn themselves to temporary embarrassments, for the sake of honouring the remains of those they have loved and lost; but the question has often arisen, and must often arise in the right-thinking mind, Is it a proper and reasonable feeling? Who is benefited by a costly funeral? Clearly, not your dead friend or brother. What does he want with a couple of pimply-nosed mutes, standing all the morning at the street door, each behind his black standard, and in front of a pewter pot, tucked under the scraper, and which neither of them is steady enough to screen from public view? What does he want with the black horses, and the hearse with nodding plumes—with a laced and pinked shroud—with that gorgeous coffin, lined with lead, and polished and lacquered without—with that train of sable attendants, marshalling the way to the burial-ground? Remember, it is not your friend, or your brother whom you loved, that you are burying—it is only his cast-off garment of clay, which he has worn out and done with. He is far, far away, in that other spirit land, where they dig no graves, and is no more affected by anything that can be done with the coil he has left behind than is yonder star. But if the dead is not benefited, neither does it advantage the survivors. The pomp of a funeral is the last thing from which any good is to be gained; it is not profitable in the acting, and if it outrun the means of those who are to pay for it, it is pretty sure to be painful in the remembrance. Look at it, in short, from what point you will, it is obvious that the undertaker is the only person who can possibly profit by a costly funeral; and to what extent he does so, some of us unfortunately know too well. No; the simplest, plainest, and most unostentatious funeral is the best and most becoming; it is but a gloomy farce, to make scope for pride while rendering “ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;” the dead is not honoured by “the trappings and the suits of woe,” but by thoughtful heed to the good they have spoken and done throughout their lives, and by grateful and loving remembrance.

But how are funereal extortions to be escaped? and how are sorrowing mourners to protect themselves from the greed of the class into whose hands they must necessarily fall when Death knocks at the door of their dwellings? Before we answer this question, let us glance for a moment at the way in which the business of burying the dead is dealt with on the other side of the channel. “They manage these things better in France” is a phrase often made use of; in no case is it more applicable than in the matter of funerals. Long years ago—how long we cannot recall at this moment—the extortions of the French undertakers were a source of loud and general complaint; the victimized relatives of the dead, goaded at last into action, memorialized the government, and earnestly petitioned for a remedy. So long as the authorities neglected their petition, but little stir was made; but as the abuses became more widely exposed, and their monstrosity more apparent, the Municipality of Paris thought the business not beneath their notice, and proposed to deal with it. Then, indeed, the vested interests rose in opposition, and by the stir they made in defence of their privileges, fully opened the eyes of the public as to what these privileges were. It was seen that the *convois funèbres* were little better than

plundering organizations in the hands of a class who conceived that they had a prescriptive right to fleece the public through the instrumentality of their deceased friends and relatives. Ere long, laws were passed to do away with the evil; one enactment followed another, and finally, a system of burials and burial-fees and expenses was established, under the operation of which it is a sheer impossibility that the mourning friends who have to bury their dead can be defrauded by the undertakers, even of the amount of a penny. The system has worked admirably, is in operation at the present day, and is an invaluable boon to the community. It may be described briefly as follows:—

All sections of the public come under its operation, with the exception of royal personages, princes of the blood, military men, and those to whom the honour of a public funeral is decreed. The funerals are divided into classes sufficiently varied to suit the means of all ranks of the community; so that those who choose to be prodigal on the occasion can do so, while those who wish to be economical are not compelled to be otherwise. To make sure of this, the class of funeral selected by the persons burying determines the charge to be made, and the undertaker dares not, under a severe penalty, make any additional charge. The classes vary in their pomp and ceremony, and consequently in their price, as much as society itself varies in wealth and position; and while a rich man may spend several thousands of francs in consigning his dead to the tomb, a poor man may decently perform the same pious duty for the charge of twenty francs, or about sixteen shillings of English money. The value of this system of burials lies in the certainty it affords to survivors as to the expense they will have to incur, and in its thus saving them from after embarrassments. Knowing beforehand not only the exact description and circumstances of the ceremonial they bespeak, but the precise sum it will cost, they are never at a loss what instructions to give the undertaker, and they are never left to his tender mercies. There is another and a moral value attached to the system, inasmuch as it has done away with the wickedness of a race of men who made death and burial the occasions of infamous extortions, and has consigned the management of the last offices of the dead to hands which are, at least, unsullied by so loathsome a species of dishonesty.

We are not going to propose the enactment of a law in England similar to that which regulates funerals among our allies; there are many reasons why Englishmen would object to such a law—not the least of which is, that it would afford a precedent for government interference in matters of business, which are best left to the discretion and control of the public. There is, in fact, less need for such a law than might be supposed from what has gone before, because it is really in the power of the public to protect themselves, if they choose to do so. It is a fact, that the most respectable undertakers throughout the kingdom—and in London especially—have to a certain extent adopted the French system in part, and are ready, if called upon to do so, to state the precise charge for each item of any description of funeral that may be required. All that is necessary, then, is for the bereaved to apply to respectable tradesmen, men of good character, to state what they require, and to learn beforehand what the charge will be. If an undertaker refuse, or hesitate, to give this information, the best way is to leave him at once, and apply to another. It may be painful, while suffering under the sharpest of all losses, to have to attend to matters which, at such a time, are specially repugnant to the feelings; but it is a duty, and, in some sort, a public duty, which ought not to be

neglected; and one would think there could be little difficulty in delegating it to some friend, if we could not manage it ourselves. We should remember that it is opportunity which is the parent of all kinds of misdeeds, and that we have no right to place temptation in any man's way. We shall return to this subject.

#### CHIPS FROM NOTABLE SHIPS.

ALL Spain rang with the name and fame of the "Vittoria," when the vessel regained the port of San Lucar, having accomplished, for the first time in the history of mankind, the circuit of the world. This was regarded as a wonderful feat, and properly so, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, though now a very ordinary affair. Five ships, with a total complement of 230 men, set out upon the expedition, under the orders of Magellan, who perished in a foolish skirmish at one of the Philippine islands. Of the members of the squadron, the "Santiago" was wrecked before quitting the waters of the Atlantic; the "San Antonio" parted company at the instance of a cowardly commander, and returned home without sighting the Pacific Ocean; the "Conception" was intentionally burnt at the Philippines, owing to the reduced number of the crew; the "Trinidad" was seized at the Moluccas by the Portuguese; and the "Vittoria" alone came back, on the 6th of September, 1522, after an absence of three years and fourteen days, bringing eighteen men of the entire force. "Thus," says Pigafetta, the historian of the great voyage, himself an adventurer, in language almost poetical, "our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southwards through the great ocean towards the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she marvellously regained her native country, Spain."

We have a memorial of this enterprise in our literature. In the narrative of it, the Patagonians are mentioned, invoking a great demon-god, under the name of *Setebos*, whom Shakespeare has introduced in the "Tempest":—

"I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him."

The commander of the "Vittoria," when homeward bound—Sebastian del Cano—was originally a subordinate officer on board the "Conception." He received high honour from his countrymen, obtained letters-patent of nobility, with a globe for a crest, and the motto, *Primus me circumdedisti*, "You first encompassed me." Nor was the ship neglected. It was sent up the river from San Lucar to Seville, there drawn on shore, and long preserved in memory of the achievement, while it became for a time a favourite theme with the poets and romancers of Spain.

A pleasant relation is given of the circumstances under which our countryman, Drake, conceived the design of following in the wake of Magellan, and entering the Pacific Ocean, which led to the first English circumnavigation of the globe. Having sailed to the Isthmus of Darien, he crossed it at the head of a party, to a "desired hill," where was "a goodly and great high tree," which had, towards the top, "a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit." This look-out commanded a view of the Atlantic waters on the one hand, where his ship lay, and the sheet of the Pacific on the other—to him a new and mighty expanse. "After our captain had ascended to the bower, he besought of



Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave once to sail an English ship in that sea, and then, calling up all the rest of our men, acquainted John Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose, if it should please God to give him that happiness.

A bold and skilful seaman was Drake, as ever went on shipboard, but at the same time he was an inveterate filibuster, prompt to act upon the "good old rule" of the buccaneers, the "simple plan"—especially in relation to the Spaniards, to whom he owed a grudge—

"That they should take who have the power,  
And those should keep who can."

The desire of his heart was at last given him. In command of five vessels of light burthen, with a total force of 164 men, he set sail from Plymouth, but for greater convenience soon reduced his ships from five to three, breaking up one for firewood, and abandoning another. Of these three, the "Marigold" was driven out to sea in a gale of wind, soon after threading the Strait of Magellan, and never heard of again; the "Elizabeth" parted company with her comrade in a storm, repassed the Strait, and returned to England; and Drake was left to pursue the voyage in his own ship, the "Pelican," which name gave place to that of the "Golden Hind." He made his way home by the Cape—"the most stately thing and goodliest cape seen in the circumference of the whole earth"—and after an absence of two years and ten months anchored at his starting-point, on the 26th of September, 1580. Abundantly had his attachment to the doctrine been illustrated, that, as "the King of Spain's subjects had undone Mr. Drake, therefore Mr. Drake was entitled to take the best satisfaction he could on the subjects of the King of Spain," though the two countries were then on terms of peace.

The nation was jubilant at the success of the navigator. In honour of him, wherever he went, the bells peeled merrily, while the populace raised many a shout and song in his praise. Queen Elizabeth at first assumed a cold demeanour, being obliged to listen to the grumbling of the Spanish ambassador. But upon the "Golden Hind" coming round to Deptford, she surrendered herself to the tide of public enthusiasm, paid the ship a visit, as all London did, and dined on board. "Famous Draco," as the wits called him, then became Sir Francis Drake. An awkward incident occurred on the occasion. Owing to the dense crowd upon the temporary bridge between the ship and the bank of the river, the planks gave way, and some hundreds fell into the water; but as no life was lost, and nothing more serious was suffered beyond a sound ducking, Elizabeth, with her usual ready wit, referred the issue to the good fortune of her host. Latin verses, composed by the Winchester scholars, eulogizing the ship, were nailed to the mainmast, some of which are not deficient in point or grace.

"The stars above will make thee known,  
If man were silent here;  
The Sun himself cannot forget  
His fellow-traveller."

The vessel was thenceforth deemed public property, not to be devoted again to ordinary purposes, and strict orders were given for its preservation. But time brought decay to its timbers,

"And Drake's brave oak that pass'd to worlds unknown,  
Whose toils, O Phœbus! were so like thy own,  
Who round the earth's vast globe triumphant rode,"

seems to have been disposed of either by private contract or publicly knocked down to one "John Davis, of Deptford." Certainly a worthy of that name had a chair made of one of the planks, which he presented to the University of Oxford. The muse of Cowley com-

memorated this event, in lines which may be quoted for the sake of illustration, but which close with an extravagant sentiment:

"To this great ship, which round the globe has run,  
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,  
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim  
Without presumption so deserved a name,  
By knowledge once, and transformation now),  
In her new shape this sacred port allow.  
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate,  
A more bless'd station, or more bless'd estate,  
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given,  
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven."

Cowley also indited an ode "On Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made of the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's Ship." Probably not a few University Dons imitated the example of the poet:

"Cheer up, my mates! the wind does fairly blow;  
Clap on more sail, and never spare;  
Farewell all lands—  
Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the burning line.  
Hey, boys! she scuds away, and by my head I know  
We round the world are sailing now.  
What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
When abroad they might wantonly roam,  
And gain such experience, and spy too,  
Such countries and wonders as I do?  
But, prithee, good pilot, take heed what you do,  
And fail not to touch at Peru;  
With gold there the vessel we'll store,  
And never, and never be poor;  
No, never be poor any more.  
"What do I mean? what thoughts do me misguide?  
As well upon a staff may witches ride  
Their fancied journeys in the air,  
As I sail round the ocean in this chair:  
'Tis true; but yet this chair which here you see,  
For all its quiet now and gravity,  
Has wander'd and has travell'd more  
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, before.  
'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heavens 't has seen.  
Let not the Pope's self with this compare;  
This is the only universal chair."

So much for the "Golden Hind," and one of her ribs.

Few voyages are so memorable for the sufferings of the crews, the prudence of the commander, and the value of the prizes captured, as that of Anson's, who was sent to attack the trade and settlements of Spain in the southern seas. The armament consisted of eight vessels, carrying about two thousand men. Great difficulty was experienced in raising this force, and the number was only completed by having recourse to a most unjust and cruel expedient—that of compulsory enlistment from the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. These were for the most part above sixty, and many above seventy years of age. The embarkation of the unhappy old men was an affecting spectacle. Their reluctance to the service, and forebodings of a hastened death, were plainly visible in their countenances; and the apprehension was speedily verified. Scurvy broke out, and raged with fearful violence; wounds received half a century before, at the battle of the Boyne, re-opened, as if they had never been healed; and not one of the veterans—more than two hundred and fifty—lived to revisit his native land. Out of nine hundred persons on board of three vessels, upwards of six hundred died during the first twelve months.

Of the squadron, the "Industry," a store-ship, was dismissed on the coast of Brazil; the "Severn" and "Pearl" separated from the commodore during the passage round Cape Horn, and returned home; the "Anna," another store-ship, was broken up at the island of Juan Fernandez; the "Gloucester," damaged in a storm, was abandoned and fired; the "Tryal," being in a shattered condition, was sunk; and the "Wager" was wrecked under awful circumstances, which, as described in the

narrative of one of her officers, may have suggested the lines of Byron, so close is the correspondence—

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave—  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave."

The commodore's flag-ship, the "Centurion," alone survived, in which he went round the world, reaching Spithead on the 15th of June, 1744, after an absence of three years and nine months. The treasure taken from the Spaniards, chiefly specie, valued at a million and a quarter sterling, was conveyed in thirty-two wagons through the streets to the Tower, amid the shouts of the populace. Pope, the poet, had then been dead about a month. This led a surviving bard to write,

"But what to Anson's were Ulysses' toils?  
Or what to India's wealth were Ilion's spoils?  
The world surrounded, all her nations viewed,  
Each climate tried, each danger now subdued,  
Our second Drake, arrived on British ground,  
Requires no Pope his honours to resound."

While Anson was created a peer of the realm, each man of the "Centurion" received three hundred pounds prize-money. Upon this, some forty of them, attended by fiddlers and bagpipers, with cockades in their hats, went to Stratford to regale themselves. But a Scot wisely took care of his money, and purchased with it a small estate, three miles from Aberdeen. Dr. Beattie has preserved an anecdote of him, which conveys a livelier idea of the intense distress endured by the men, than any minute description. He once asked him whether he had read the history of the voyage, written by the chaplain, and was told in reply, that he had read the whole account, "except that of their sufferings during the run from Cape Horn to Juan Fernandez," which, he said, "were so great, that he durst not recollect or think of them!"

The figure-head of the "Centurion," a lion carved in wood, was long preserved, and still exists. For many years it occupied a pedestal in the stable-yard of a little inn at Waterbeach, adjoining Goodwood Park, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, with the following inscription:—

"Stay, traveller, awhile, and view  
One who has travell'd more than you.  
Quite round the globe, through each degree,  
Anson and I have plough'd the sea,  
Torrid and frigid zones have past,  
And safe ashore arrived at last;  
In ease with dignity appear,  
He in the House of Lords, I here."

Upon the accession of William IV to the throne—once Lord High Admiral of the kingdom—the figure-head was removed to Windsor, as a suitable present to the Crown, when an imitation of the original inscription was suggested—

"Such was this travell'd Lion's boast,  
Contented with his humbler post,  
While Anson sat in lordly state,  
To hear his fellow lords debate.  
But travell'd now to Windsor's dome,  
The Lion boasts a prouder home,  
Which our brave sailor-king affords,  
Than Anson in the House of Lords."

Yet one word more respecting the flag-ship. For about six weeks the commodore halted at the Island of Tinian, one of the Ladrões, where he landed his sick; and during that time the "Centurion" lost one of her anchors. Singular to relate, this was hooked up by a whaler on weighing her own anchor, about the year 1830, after the submergence of nearly a century. It was found very little corroded, having on a thick coat of rust; but the wooden stock had completely rotted off.

The voyage round the globe had lost none of its romance to the public mind in the days of Captain Cook, who made it the first time in the "Endeavour," a bark

built for the coal trade, with Mr. afterwards Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Solander, for his scientific companions. They were objects of curiosity to all parties on their return, and interest was excited by the very animals which survived the eventful navigation. One of these, a goat, was honoured with a Latin epigram by Dr. Johnson. The lexicographer contemplated the venture himself, according to his own account, when Cook went out a second time with two Whitby-built vessels, the names of which were altered for the occasion. Boswell writes:—"21st March, 1772. A gentleman having come in who was to go as a mate in the ship along with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, Dr. Johnson asked what were the names of the ships destined for the expedition. The gentleman answered, 'They were once to be called the "Drake" and the "Raleigh," but now they were to be called the "Resolution" and the "Adventure."' Johnson. Much better; for had the 'Drake' returned without going round the world, it would have been ridiculous. To give them the names of the 'Drake' and the 'Raleigh,' was laying a trap for satire. Boswell. Had not you some desire to go upon this expedition, sir? Johnson. Why, yes; but I soon laid it aside, sir; there is very little of the intellectual in the course. Besides, I see but at a small distance. So it was not worth my while to go to see birds fly which I should not have seen fly; and fishes swim, which I should not have seen swim."

There is something very racy and amusing in the idea of the arm-chair-loving literary dictator, fond of the cosy, and rigid in the exaction of deference to his opinions, reeling helplessly to and fro on shipboard, "in the Bay of Biscay O!" or off the gusty Cape Horn, while unmercifully quizzed by the tars as a "reg'lar land-hubber." How would he have groaned and growled at his folly in quitting the firm pavement of Fleet Street, and sighed for the delights of Thrall's snug parlour at Streatham! Johnson saw Omai, whom Cook brought from the South Sea Islands, who dined with him at Streatham in company with Lord Mulgrave. "They sat," he rather savagely remarked, "with their backs to the light fronting me, so that I could not see distinctly; and there was so little of the savage in Omai, that I was afraid to speak to either, lest I should mistake one for the other." Cook's third voyage, with the "Resolution" and the "Discovery," besides having a mournful celebrity, was remarkable on various accounts. While the great navigator perished by the violent hand in the Sandwich Islands, his brother-commander, Captain Clerke, succumbed to disease at Petropaulowski, where his memory was honoured with an inscription by the unfortunate Frenchman, La Perouse, and a monument by the Russian admiral, Krusenstern. The two ships came safely home, and after having been out four years, had never lost sight of each other for a whole day together, except twice. What became of the "Resolution" we have no record at hand to show; but some thirty years past, the "Discovery" was moored off Deptford, doing inglorious duty as a receiving-ship for convicts.

It must be confessed that the ancients commemorated one of their famous vessels in a more poetical and permanent manner than has yet been done by the moderns. They raised the "Argo" to the skies, the ship which brought back the golden fleece from Colchis, though only a fifty-oared craft; and gave the name of the pilot, Canopus, to a first-class star in the group, one of the brightest in the firmament. But if report speaks true, two stars in the stern and yard of the ship celestial have disappeared from view, so that all memorials are unstable, whether pictured in the heavens above, or raised on the earth beneath.